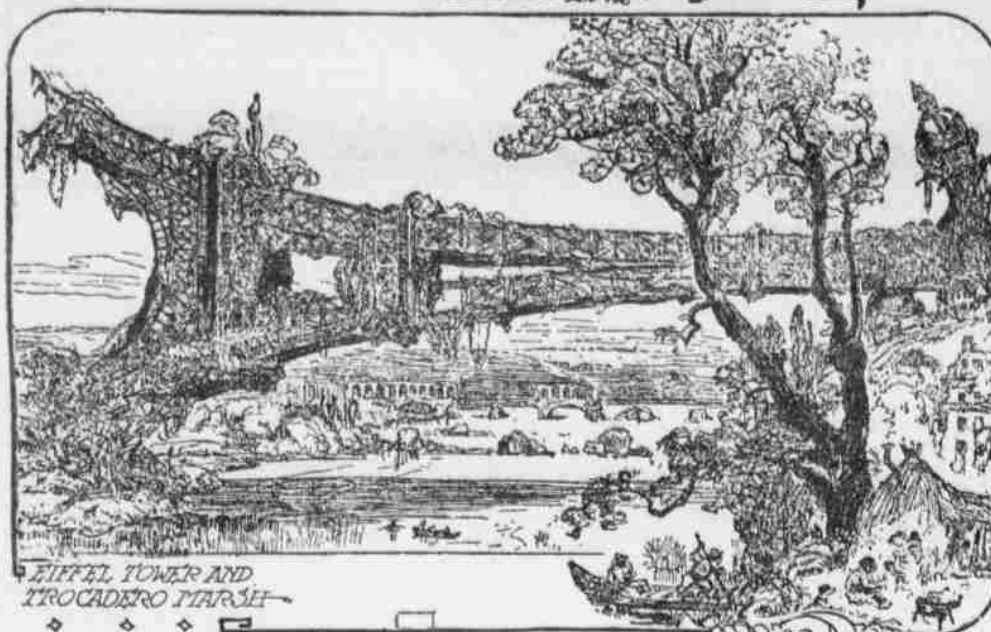


GUIDE to the "RUINS of EUROPE" 100 YEARS HENCE



JUST before the breaking of the great war a brochure calling attention to its dangers to European civilization was on the point of appearing simultaneously in all the capitals.

A wealthy peace society, which has the work in charge, counts on making its general publication immediately if still possible. It is entitled "Guide to the Ruins of Europe," and is supposed to be compiled in America a hundred years from now for the use of American, Australian and Oriental explorers in the style of Macaulay's New Zealanders, desirous "to visit the piles of ruins that were once proud capitals and cities blessed with art, industry and commerce before the great war destroyed alike the populations and their centers and left Europe a waste, sparsely inhabited by scattered communities of survivors without strength or ambition to restore civilization."

We give herewith selections from the chapter entitled "Paris." PARIS (ruins of), ancient capital of France. Under no pretext should the explorer neglect these ruins. They are more accessible than the ruins of Berlin or Vienna, and better preserved than those of London. The natives still hold pathetic pretensions to constitute a city of light for the vast and desolate territory, dotted by the lairs of savage shepherds and the strongholds of primitive cultivators, that stretches from the ruins of St. Petersburg to the ruins of Rome and Madrid and called the wastes of Europe. (See "Ville Lumiere" in the historical chapter.)

A printing press even exists in the Chaillet Catacombs connected with the ancient subway, which is the winter habitation of the better portion of the Parisian natives. "Paris-Apres-Midi" two pfenigs-culr, sold in the Boquets of the Opera and the Pantheon cockpit (see "Pantheon, ruins of") by the slaves of Monsieur Balan, anthropophagite of Java and Ross of Chaillet, is not a newspaper, but a mere weekly program of the so-called pleasures of Paris. ("Pfenig-culr," see leather money and barter system. "Slaves," see hungry mouths. The slavery is voluntary.)

The fact that four books have been published in Paris in the past decade discloses an intellectual effort unequalled elsewhere on the Dark Continent. They are "Our Fathers' Culture" (words of one or two syllables), 100 reproductions of pen drawings processed in New York and gratuitously distributed in all the resorts of pleasure, by Monsieur Isaac Blumchen, President of the Republic; "Hair Growing as Good as Clothing" (brochure 44 pp.), by Monsieur Samuel Richehantide of Bucharest, Minister of Football; "The Paris Song Book and New Dances," by Vi-comte Raoul de Sancy (new edition preparing); and "My Pets," by Miss Annie Bloomfontain, the beautiful young South African dancer, who has had the concession of the Opera since the year 2001. (Explorers regularly purchase these unique works in quantity, to encourage the natives. See "Pfenig-culr and Barter System. Any useful object, such as a fine-tooth comb or cake of soap, or article of adornment, like a single eyeglass, string of beads or pair of eight-ounce boxing gloves, will provide the visitor with abundant supplies of Leather Money.)

Great Hunt.—Monsieur von Hundspote, Minister of War, Marquis de Montmorency, Trapper and Pelter: guides, porters, dog trains. The Casar-Bianc, Boss of the Northern Shepherds, is a useful person to see.

Places of Interest. The Opera.—This grandiose monument of the past, destroyed along with the Church of the Madeleine and the entire Opera Quarter (see Avenue de l'Opera) in the second bombardment by the Germans in 1914-15, is under the control of Miss Annie Bloomfontain and her Troupe of Blondes. Variety show on the Grand Stairway every afternoon, Opera June to October. The crumbling interior, overgrown with wild vegetation, is unsafe. (The Wild Dogs of the Opera, which formerly made it their lair, were exterminated by Roosevelt Expedition of 1993.)

Market of the Madeleine.—Chief place of barter of the natives, among the broken columns. (See Bombardment of Paris in the Historical Chapter.) Twice a week this picturesque spot is the scene of the greatest animation of the Dark Continent, the native women here exchanging finery which sets the fashion among the simple populations in far distant Berlin, Antwerp, Marseilles and Bucharest. The great Fur Mart is held in August, traders by dog-team carrying back with them the Parisian products. (See Articles de Paris and Recrudescence of Big Game in Europe.)

Avenue de l'Opera (The Jungle of Paris).—Unsafe for any but armed parties of explorers, but visitors can buy protection from Boss Balan, Monsieur Salomon Bownukoff, Syndic of the Bourgeois Tribes, or Miss Annie Bloomfontain. (See Trout Fishing.) Inhabited by the Bourgeois Tribes and Hungry Mouths. (See Ethnographical Note.) The Avenue de l'Opera is considered the most grandiose example of Twentieth Century

WHY J. BULL DROPS HIS H'S

London Physician Suggests a Variety of Reasons for Falling into the Habit.

At last the world may know why the "h" is dropped by John Bull in conversation. The following article from the Mirror reflects the latest scientific views on this time-honored problem. Here it is: "I am not in the habit of doing so, but for the last fortnight or so I have frequently dropped my 'h's.' Is there any medical explanation of this?"

A Chelsea correspondent, who is a schoolmaster, makes this confession and asks the above question in a letter to the Mirror. "I am continually saying 'h' for his, 'ear for hear, 'ow for how, and so on," he continues. "I can feel sometimes that I am going to drop an 'h,' but even this mental warning does not help me."

Inquiries made by the Mirror show that a temporary condition of "h"-lessness is by no means uncommon, and a London doctor who was consulted admitted that he was guilty of dropping his "h's" at times. "There are various possible causes of such carelessness," he said. "The dropping of 'h's' by educated people may be due to: "Nervous strain which makes the effort too great. "Need of a holiday. "Bad mentality, due to bad nutrition. "A foolish habit, indulged in by many people, of imitating, for fun, those who regularly drop the aspirate. "Bad nutrition may also lead to the

dropping of 'h's.' Malnutrition affects the mental powers, and the mind does not work as it should. Educated people who find themselves dropping their 'h's' will probably be at their worst at night, when they are getting tired."—London Letter in Brooklyn Eagle.



GRAND STAIRWAY OF THE OPERA

and welfare of society crumpled like an exploded bladder. In five short years the world and the scope of human life underwent a retrogressive change as great as that between the age of the Antonines and the Europe of the ninth century.

Wells' remarkable book makes passionately interesting reading at this moment. It shows how, up to the very beginning of the great war, the movement of the world seemed wholly beneficial to mankind. "Sustaining and constructive forces seemed to more than balance the malign drift of chance and the natural ignorance of prejudice, blind passion and wicked self-seeking of mankind. Men said, indeed, that moral organization was not keeping pace with physical progress, but few at- tached any meaning to the phrases. Few realized that the accidental balance on the side of progress was far slighter and infinitely more complex and delicate in its adjustments than the masses suspected.

"They say their armies and navies grew larger and more portentous; some of their ironclads, at the least, cost as much as their whole annual expenditure upon advanced education. They accumulated explosives and machinery of destruction; they allowed their national traditions and jealousies to pile up; they contemplated a steady enhancement of race hostility as the races drew closer together without concern or understanding, and they permitted the growth in their midst of evil-

spirited war propaganda and propaganda of conquest. The precedents of history were all one tale of the collapse of civilizations and the dangers of the time were manifest."

The swiftness of the collapse is represented as its most terrible feature. "The older civilization rotted and crumbled down, but this civilization of modern Europe was, as it were, blown up. Within the space of five years it was altogether disintegrated and destroyed. Up to the very eve of the explosion one sees a spacious spectacle of incessant advance, a world-wide security, enormous areas of highly-organized industry and settled populations, gigantic cities spreading giganticly, the seas and oceans dotted with shipping, the land netted with rails and open ways. Then, suddenly, the German cannons are heard and we are in the beginning of the end!"

"Already the financial fabric staggered with those first sounds. With the destruction of the American fleet in the North Atlantic and the smashing conflict which ended the naval existence of Germany in the North sea, with the burning and wreckage of billions of pounds worth of property in the four cardinal cities of Europe, the hopeless costliness of war came home for the first time to the consciousness of mankind. Credit went down in a whirl of selling. Money vanished, and, at its disappearance, trade and industry came to an end. The economic world fell dead. "Wherever there were great populations, great masses found themselves without work, without money and unable to get food. Famine was in every working class quarter within three weeks of the beginning of the war. Within a month there was not a city in which ordinary law and social procedure had not been replaced by some form of emergency control. And, swiftly, the famine spread to the rich."

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FINE FRUIT IS PINEAPPLE

Healthful, Delicious, and Not Expensive, It is Deserving of Much Wider Recognition.

For pineapple mousse, make a sirup with one cupful of sugar and quarter of a cupful of water; add gradually the yolks of four eggs, stiffly beaten, beating all the while. Cook in a double boiler until the custard begins to thicken, then strain and cool, stirring occasionally. Put two cupfuls of shredded pineapple through a sieve and add to the custard; lastly, fold in two cupfuls of cream, stiffly whipped. Pack in ice and salt, and let stand several hours to harden.

Another dessert for hot weather is pineapple charlotte: Dissolve a tablespoonful of powdered gelatin in two cupfuls of boiling water; add the juice of a lemon, a large orange, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a little grated rind of the orange. Stir over the fire until the sugar is well dissolved. Strain over a cupful of shredded pineapple; pour the mixture into a dish which has been lined with ladyfingers, and set in the refrigerator to harden. Serve with whipped cream.

Pineapple cream also calls for gelatin and is a dessert specially good in hot weather. To make this, dissolve two teaspoonfuls of powdered gelatin in a cupful of boiling water. Add a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of cooked shredded pineapple, and two tablespoonfuls each of chopped candied orange, lemon peel and cherries. Whip two cupfuls of cream until stiff and fold into the pineapple mixture; pour into a mold, and put in the refrigerator to harden. Serve with whipped cream and decorate with candied cherries and pieces of pineapple.

CONCERNING CHANGE IN DIET

Meat Eater Must Go Somewhat Slow When He Becomes Convert to Vegetarianism.

Many people are deciding to join the ranks of the vegetarians, for a time at least, but this should be done with the greatest care and thought. It will be a step taken with extreme danger unless the food values are considered, and those who cannot give time to study them had better keep to the fleshpots, even if in a limited way.

The meat eater cannot take up the new diet at will, as the blood has to be kept to a certain heat, and this can only be done by foods with which the constitution is already familiar.

With regard to flour, the mainstay of the home, it should not be wasted on cakes and the like, but kept carefully for bread, which is as necessary as life itself. The housewife should not be selfish in the home in using this valuable commodity recklessly, and the maker of cakes, which also require large quantities of sugar and butter, at the present time is committing a criminal act, even though it is one that only her own conscience can punish.

The principal meal in the day should be the dinner, of course, and the housewife who takes off a course or two is doing an act of self-denial which is of inestimable value to her country.—Exchange.

Veal With Mushroom Sauce.

Broil the steaks slowly over a clear fire, turning often so that they will not scorch. When done keep the meat hot on a platter in the oven while you make the following sauce: Drain the liquor from a can of mushrooms and cut the mushrooms in halves. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and one of browned flour until they are dark brown in color. Pour upon them the mushroom liquor and a cupful of beef stock. Stir to a smooth sauce, salt and pepper and add the halved mushrooms. Cook for two minutes, stirring constantly, then pour over and around the veal steaks.

Corn Meal Cutlets.

The recipe for this good meat substitute comes from the Battle Creek sanitarium.

Turn the corn meal mush into bread tins previously wet with cold water. Slice when cold. Beat one or two eggs slightly, add one tablespoonful of water or milk to each egg, also one-eighth teaspoonful of salt. Dip the sliced mush into the bread crumbs, then into the egg mixture and back into the bread crumbs again. Place in a buttered pan and bake in a quick oven until a rich brown. Serve with butter or maple sirup.

Walnut Cream Cake.

For the layers use any regulation cake recipe. The following is very good and easily made by beginners: One cupful sugar, one-half cupful butter, three eggs (whites and yolks separately beaten), one and one-half cupfuls flour, one and one-half spoonfuls baking powder, one-half cupful milk, vanilla flavoring. Bake in three layers.

Corn Salad.

One dozen ears of green corn, two large cucumbers, one large green pepper, half teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful flour, small head cabbage, one large red pepper, three pints vinegar, half teaspoonful mustard, one teaspoonful tumeric.

Shave corn from cobs, cut cabbage, cucumbers and peppers rather coarse and simmer all together until tender. Serve on lettuce leaves, cold.

Quince Pie.

Peel, slice and stew six quinces until soft. Press through a sieve, add to them one pint of milk and four well-beaten eggs and sweeten to taste. Bake in a bottom crust three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven.

Banbury Tart.

One cupful chopped raisins, juice of one lemon, one cup sugar, one cracker rolled fine, one egg. Mix thoroughly and use as filling for tiny turnovers. Fine for children's lunch boxes.

Elderberry Wine.

One quart elderberry juice, two quarts water, then add one pound sugar to every pint of the mixture and let it work. We made ten gallons two years ago and it was delicious.

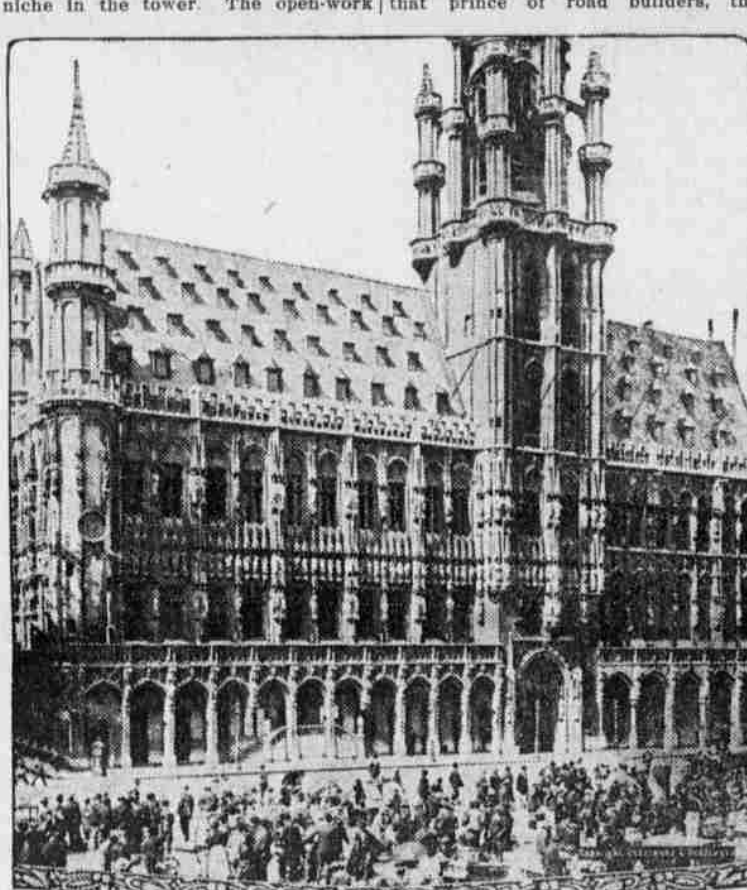
Brussels, THE LITTLE Paris

BRUSSELS is well called "Little Paris," for the ancient capital of Brabant is most decidedly French. It grew up way back in the eighth century on both banks of the little River Senne, which is now hidden beneath the fine modern inner boulevards built upon arches which extend through the city. The old ramparts were leveled about fifteen years ago, as in the city of Louvain, to be converted into attractive promenades. No European city can boast of hand-somer boulevards than those of Brussels, which have been constructed through the heart of the old town.

Promenading along the broad, shady avenues, completely lined on both sides with Parisian-looking shops, gay with fine carriages, autos and vehicles of all descriptions, and filled with hundreds of stylishly gowned pedestrians, the reason Brussels is known as "Little Paris" is very apparent. The Hotel de Ville stands in the Grande Place, or market square, which is in the center of the lower part of the city. It is not only the most famous building in Brussels, but admitted to be the most beautiful and artistic edifice in all Belgium. Its principal facade is in the true Gothic style, and its graceful tower is 370 feet in height, the work of Jan Van Ruysbroeck, whose statue still adorns the first niche in the tower. The open-work

Like Paris, Brussels has many arcades lined with splendid shops. The Galerie St. Humbert is one of the most popular of these glass-covered arcades, where the Brussels ladies of fashion buy their choicest costumes and the latest Parisian styles in hats and jewelry.

By taking a carriage and driving out along the fine Boulevard de Namurs, the highway constructed by Napoleon, that prince of road builders, the



TOWN HALL, BRUSSELS

spire was badly damaged by lightning half a century ago, but it has been entirely repaired, and the colossal copper-gilt figure of the city's patron saint, Archangel Michael, 16 feet tall, continues to show which way the wind blows.

Architect Hanged Himself. A story is current that Jan, the architect of the tower, in the very moment of its exaltation at the completion of his work was informed by a critical burgher that the edifice was ruined because he had not placed its tower in the center. In his chagrin and despair at this criticism the architect is said to have gone off and hanged himself.

Another splendid building in the square is the Maison du Roi. The house of the king has three stories and boasts an open gallery, like the Italian loggias of the Venetian palaces on the Grand canal, where the Brussels grand dames could stand to view the fetes and ceremonies taking place in the Grand palace below. The mansion has recently been restored and lavishly regilded from top to bottom. The enormously high roof, with its rows of projecting windows, topped by a quaint lantern, now is seen in all its pristine glory.

Close by the Maison du Roi is the building known as the Pigeon, the delightfully quaint guildhall of the painters, which is decorated, not with birds, but with four reliefs of lion heads. Beyond is La Taupe, the guildhall of the tailors, but none of the guildhalls are older than the end of the fifteenth century.

Has Thriving Suburbs. Beside the city proper, Brussels consists of ten thriving suburbs, which have important manufactures of leather goods, linen, woolen and cotton cloth, furniture and bronze. But most celebrated of all are the factories where Brussels lace is made, a lace which is exported to all the principal cities of the world.

Throughout all Belgium the old Latin saying is still current, to the effect that Brussels rejoices in noble men, Antwerp in money, Ghent in balsters, Bruges in pretty girls and Malines in fools.

Malines got its unfortunate reputation, it is said, because once upon a time some of the good burghers mistook the moonlight shining through their cathedral tower for a fire, and the fire engines were called out to extinguish the conflagration.

IS THIS SAFE BURGLAR-PROOF

Recognized Methods of Cracksmen Met by "Invitation" to Use Explosives.

Ingenious burglars have been given a new burglar-proof safe to tackle, designed to prevent blowing of the safe by working nitroglycerin into the cracks round the safe door. That method of attacking a safe is still the favorite one. The old way was to drill holes in the door and pour in the explosive; but long since, the doors of the best safes have been made of steel that cannot be drilled by a burglar. Then the attack shifted to the cracks round the door; but the safemaker met this with doors fitted so perfectly that the simple insertion of a sheet of paper between the door and the jamb would prevent closing the door. The burglars responded by widening the crack according to several methods. One was to pound the edge of the door and the edge of the jamb with heavy round-headed sledge hammers, distorting the edge sufficiently to permit

"feathering" an explosive into the crack. A new design of safe has all these old protections, and an added one to take care of any nitroglycerin the burglar dauntly works into the crack. It has triple walls, with an air space between, and each wall has a separate door. The two outer walls have many small holes drilled through them. The doors do not fit so tightly on the inside of the jamb as on the exposed side. Therefore, if any nitroglycerin is worked into the crack it will run down the air space and out through a hole; or if any is exploded in the air space much of the force of the explosion will go out of these leakholes.—Saturday Evening Post.

French Loquacity.

There is no nation like the French. A French milliner will make a hat out of a piece of felt and nothing; and a French official will make a diplomatic episode out of nothing at all, putting into five minutes of futility all the Gallic civilization of centuries.—Arnold Bennett in the Century Magazine.